What ſhould I doe, to make him know I love him,
For I would faine enjoy him? Say I ventur'd
To ſet him free? what ſaies the law then? Thus much
For Law, or kindred: I will doe it,
And this night, or to morrow he ſhall love me. *Exit.*

This ſhort flo-riſh of Cor-nets and Showtes with-in.

Scæna 4. *Enter Theſeus, Hipolita, Pirithous, Emilia: Arcite with a Garland, &c.*

Theſ. You have done worthily; I have not ſeene
Since *Hercules*, a man of tougher ſynewes;
What ere you are, you run the beſt, and wraſtle,
That theſe times can allow.
Arcite. I am proud to pleaſe you.
Theſ. What Countrie bred you?
Arcite. This; but far off, Prince.
Theſ. Are you a Gentleman?
Arcite. My father ſaid ſo;
And to thoſe gentle uſes gave me life.
Theſ. Are you his heire?
Arcite. His yongeſt Sir.
Theſ. Your Father
Sure is a happy Sire then: what prooves you?
Arcite. A little of all noble Quallities:
I could have kept a Hawke, and well have holloa'd
To a deepe crie of Dogges; I dare not praiſe
My feat in horſemanſhip; yet they that knew me
Would ſay it was my beſt peece: laſt, and greateſt,
I would be thought a Souldier.
Theſ. You are perfect.
Pirith. Vpon my ſoule, a proper man.
Emilia. He is ſo.
Per. How doe you like him Ladie?
Hip. I admire him,
I have not ſeene ſo yong a man, ſo noble
(If he ſay true,) of his ſort.
Emil. Beleeve,
His mother was a wondrous handſome woman,
His face me thinkes, goes that way.
Hyp. But his Body

And

And firie minde, illuſtrate a
Per. Marke how his ve
Breakes through his baſer
Hyp. Hee's well got ſure
Theſ. What made you ſe
Arc. Noble *Theſeus*.
To purchaſe name, and doe
To ſuch a well-found wond
Fo onely in thy Court, of a
dwells faire-eyd honor.
Per. All his words are
Theſ. Sir, we are much
Nor ſhall you looſe your w
Diſpoſe of this faire Gentle
Perith. Thankes *Theſeus*
What ere you are y'ar mine
To a moſt noble ſervice, to
This bright yong Virgin;
You have honourd hir faire
And as your due y'ar hirs:
Arc. Sir, y'ar a noble Giv
Thus let me ſeale my vowd
(Your moſt unworthie Cre
Command him die, he ſhall.
Emil. That were too cr
If you deſerve well Sir; I ſ
Y'ar mine, and ſomewhat b
Per. Ile ſee you furniſh'd
You are a horſeman, I muſt
This after noone to ride, but
Arc. I like him better (
Freeze in my Saddle.
Theſ. Sweet, you muſt be
And you *Emilia*, and you (F
To morrow by the Sun, to d
To flowry May, in *Dians* w
Vpon your Miſtris: *Emely*
He ſhall not goe a foote.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Two Noble Kinsmen* (STC 11075) LONDON, 1634 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C